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alike on humanity and common sense. If you wished to keep two duellists from fighting, or a gang of desperadoes from mutual mischief, would you arm them all from head to foot with weapons of death? Is full preparation for a duel the best means of preventing it? Does the practice, prevalent in our southern and south-western States, of wearing pistols, dirks and bowie-knives, hold back men from bloodshed, make the number of bloody and fatal affrays there less than the opposite practice occasions in New England? Every child can answer these questions; and yet the rulers of Christendom are contradicting this plainest dictate of common sense in their war methods of preserving peace. The whole war-system rests on this very contradiction of common sense; and still do the wise men of this world plead for its necessity as a guarantee of peace, and scout the idea of insuring peace by pacific means!

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#### WAR SCENES.

We are not careful to pause in our course, and chronicle the passing atrocities of war. The newspapers of the day will give such details sooner than we, and with a degree of minuteness not admissible on the pages of a monthly. Nor do we rely much on the transient interest excited in behalf of our cause by such narratives; and we much prefer to give, in a condensed form, only those anecdotes which will be of *permanent* value, and be read with nearly equal profit by coming generations.

##### CAPTURE OF VERA CRUZ.

The French, having blockaded this principal port of Mexico, waited an answer from the Mexican government to the demands of the Admiral; and, when the messenger brought the mad and bloody response of *war to the blade, and from the blade to the hilt*, the squadron, "with three double-flanked frigates, four sloops of war, and as many brigs and bomb vessels," came abreast of the castle of St. Juan de Ulloa, Nov. 27, 1838, and began the work of death with such energy and effect as in four or five hours to demolish a fortification heretofore deemed impregnable, and force the Mexican garrison to capitulate. Two explosions took place, one of which dismounted more than 170 pieces of artillery, and buried in its ruins 200 men. Five or six thousand shots were thrown by the French, and nearly two thousand by the Mexicans. The loss of the former is not reported; but that of the latter was probably five or six hundred.

It must have been a scene of horror to see hundreds of men thrown along the shore by the bursting of shells, and the explosion of the magazine; some torn in fragments, and all bruised and blackened; many cold in death, others gasping in their last agonies, and others still writhing in pain, and pleading for relief. While most of our public prints repeat this horrid tale with complacent coolness, a few speak in sympathy for the sufferers, and indignation at a custom fraught with such evils; but we subjoin a few items, just to let our readers see how trivial an affair this was, in contrast with even the ordinary atrocities and horrors of war.

SOME CIRCUMSTANCES ATTENDING THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR, 1805.

‘When Villeneuve beheld the manner in which the hostile fleet was bearing down upon his line, he remarked to those around him that all was lost. In passing the *Santa Anna*, the *Royal Sovereign* gave her a broadside and a half into her stern, tearing it down, and killing and wounding 400 of her men; then wheeling rapidly round, she lay beside her, so close that the lower yards of the two vessels were locked together, and the muzzles of their guns literally touched each other. The Spanish Admiral, Alava, seeing that it was the intention of the *Royal Sovereign* to engage him to leeward, had brought all his strength to the starboard side; and such was the weight of his metal, that his first broadside made the *Royal Sovereign* heel two streaks out of the water. A furious combat now ensued between the two first rates; but such was the rapidity and precision of the *Royal Sovereign*’s fire, that the discharges of the Spaniard rapidly became weaker and weaker.

Nelson directed Captain Hardy to steer for the opening between the *Temeraire* and *Bucentaur*; and at one o’clock the *Victory*, as she passed slowly and deliberately through, poured her broadsides double-shotted into the *Bucentaur* with such terrible effect, that above 400 men were killed or wounded by the discharge. The British crew were nearly suffocated by the clouds of black smoke which entered the *Victory*’s port-holes, and Nelson and Hardy had their clothes covered by the volumes of dust which issued from the crumbled wood-works of the *Bucentaur*’s stern.

As Nelson was walking on the quarter-deck, he was pierced by a shot from one of the French marksmen, not more than fifteen yards distant. He was immediately carried below. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men; he insisted the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful; ‘For to me,’ said he, ‘you can do nothing.’ All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and give him lemonade to assuage his burning thirst. Meanwhile the battle continued with unabated fury in all directions. At a quarter past two the *Santa Anna* struck to the *Royal Sovereign*, after an uninterrupted combat of two hours’ duration; but the loss on board the English ship was also very severe, and she was reduced to nearly as unmanageable a state as her vanquished opponent.

Before three o’clock ten ships of the line had struck. The fire on

the poop of the *Victory* from the tops of the *Redoubtable*, was so tremendous, that for a time it was almost deserted; upon which the French made a vigorous attempt to board, but they were quickly repulsed by the crew of the English vessel rushing up from below, and engaging them at the muzzles of the muskets; and shortly after, the *Temeraire*, having wafted nearer, poured in her whole broadside upon her crowded decks, with such effect, that two hundred men were swept away by the discharge. At length the whole masts and rigging fell across the *Temeraire's* bows, which forming a bridge of communication between the two combatants, she was boarded, and taken possession of by the crew of the English vessel. Out of 643 men, who composed her crew, only five and thirty reached the English shores.

The combined fleet now presented a most melancholy spectacle. In every direction were to be seen only the floating wrecks or dismantled hulks. The proud armament, late so splendid, was riddled, shattered, and torn by shot. Guns of distress were heard on all sides; and in every quarter the British boats were to be seen hastening to the vessels which had surrendered, to extricate their crews from their perilous situation. Twenty ships of the line had struck, with Villeneuve, the commander-in-chief, and the Spanish Admirals, Alava and Cisneros. One of them, the *Achille*, of seventy-four guns, had blown up after she surrendered; but nineteen ships of the line, including two first rates, the *Santissima Trinidad* of 130 guns, and *Santa Anna* of 112 guns, were in the hands of the British, and lay in mingled confusion alongside of them.

The next morning a strong wind arose, and many melancholy catastrophes happened during the storm. Among the rest, the *Indomitable* was wrecked on the coast, having on board, besides her own, the *Bucentaur's* crew, and more than 1000 men perished.

#### SIEGE OF GENOA.

The French had (1800) a desperate struggle to maintain on the ridges of the Apennines, contending not only with their enemies, but with the hardships incident to those sterile regions, and the contagious maladies which they had brought with them from their disastrous campaign in the plains. No words can describe their sufferings. A few regiments lost in four months 2000 men, in the hospitals of Genoa; and the wants of the troops, without shoes, blankets, or winter clothing, produced a general insubordination, and led to the desertion of vast multitudes. These evils were at length checked by the energetic measures of Massena, sent to the command of the army; but after a succession of desperate sallies, which destroyed eight or nine thousand of his own men, and an equal number of the enemy, he was finally compelled to shut himself up in the walls of Genoa.

‘Still Massena, finding that famine was likely to prove even a more formidable enemy than the Austrian bayonets, and that it was nec-

essary at all hazards to procure a supply of provisions, resolved upon a sally which was successful. This led to another, the attack of the Monte Creto, the most important position occupied by the Austrians on the mountains in the rear of the city, and which, if successful, would have rendered it necessary for them to raise the siege. As the French, 6,000 strong, approached the entrenchments, a violent thunder-storm enveloped the mountain, the air became dark, the rain descended in torrents, and the hostile forces could only discern each other by the flashes of lightning which at intervals illuminated the gloom. In the midst of the tempest the lines met; the shock was terrible; but the Republicans insensibly gained ground; already the first line of intrenchments was carried, and the Austrian barracks were on fire, when Hohenzollern, charging at the head of the reserve in close column, overthrew the assailants. Soult, wounded in the thigh, was made prisoner; and his troops, dispersed in the utmost confusion, fled to Genoa with a heavy loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners. At the same time intelligence was received of the surrender of Savona; and Massena, now severely weakened, had no alternative but to remain shut up within the walls, exposed to all the horrors of approaching famine.

The miserable soldiers, worn down by fatigue, and attenuated by famine, after having consumed all the horses in the city, were reduced to the necessity of feeding on dogs, cats, and vermin, which were eagerly hunted out in the cellars and common sewers. Soon even these wretched resources failed, and they were reduced to the pittance of four or five ounces of black bread, made of cocoa, rye, and other substances, ransacked from the shops of the city.

The wretched inhabitants were also a prey to the most unparalleled sufferings. From the commencement of the siege the price of provisions had been extravagantly high, and in its latter days grain of any sort could not be had at any cost. The horrors of this prolonged famine in a city containing above 100,000 souls, cannot be adequately described. All day the cries of the unhappy victims were heard in the streets, while the neighboring rocks within the walls were covered with a famished crowd, seeking in the vilest animals and the smallest traces of vegetation, the means of assuaging their intolerable pangs. At night the lamentations of the people were still more dreadful; too agitated to sleep, and unable to endure the agony by which they were surrounded, they prayed aloud for death to relieve them from their sufferings.

In this extremity, the usual effect of long endured calamity was conspicuous in closing the fountains of mercy in the human heart, and rendering men insensible to every thing but their own disasters. Infants deserted in the streets by their parents, women who had sunk down from exhaustion on the public thoroughfares, were abandoned to their fate, and sought, with dying hands, in the sewers, and other receptacles of filth, for the means of prolonging for a few hours a miserable existence. In the desperation, produced by such prolonged torments, the more ardent and impetuous rushed out of the gates, and threw themselves into the harbor, where they perished without either commiseration or assistance. In the general agony, not only leather and skins of every kind were consumed, but the horror at human flesh itself was so much abated, that numbers

were supported on the dead bodies of their fellow-citizens. Pestilence, as usual, came in the rear of famine; contagious fevers swept off multitudes whom the strength of the survivors was unable to inter. Death in every form awaited the crowds whom common suffering had blended together in the hospitals; and the multitudes of unburied corpses which encumbered the streets, threatened the city with depopulation almost as certainly as the grim hand of famine under which they were melting away.

When the evacuation took place, the extent of suffering which the besieged had undergone, appeared painfully conspicuous. 'Upon entering the town,' says Thiebault, 'all the figures we met, bore the appearance of profound grief or sombre despair; the streets resounded with the most heart-rending cries; on all sides death was reaping its victims, and the rival furies of famine and pestilence were multiplying their devastation; in a word, the army and the inhabitants seemed approaching their dissolution.'

#### INVASION OF FRANCE IN THE LAST WAR WITH NAPOLEON.

'It is difficult for the inhabitants of a peaceful territory to picture to themselves the miseries sustained by the country which formed the theatre of this sanguinary contest. While Bonaparte, hemmed in by opposing armies, now menaced one of his foes, now sprang furiously upon another, the scene of this desultory warfare was laid waste in the most merciless manner. The soldiers, on both parts, driven to desperation by rapid marches through roads blocked with snow, or trodden into swamps, became reckless and pitiless, and, straggling from their columns in all directions, committed every species of excess upon the inhabitants.

The peasants, with their wives and children, fled to caves, quarries, and woods, where the latter were starved to death by the inclemency of the season and want of sustenance; and the former, collecting into small bodies, increased the terrors of war by pillaging the convoys of both armies, attacking small parties of all nations, and cutting off the sick, the wounded, and the stragglers. The repeated advance and retreat of the different contending parties exasperated these evils. Every fresh band of plunderers which arrived, was savagely eager after spoil, in proportion as the gleanings became scarce. In the words of Scripture, 'what the locust left was devoured by the palmer-worm;' what escaped the Baskirs, and Kirgas, and Croats of the Wolga, and Caspian, and Turkish frontier, was seized by the half-starved conscripts of Napoleon, whom want, hardship, and an embittered spirit rendered as careless of the ties of country and language, as the others were indifferent to the general claims of humanity. The towns and villages, which were the scenes of actual conflict, were frequently burnt to the ground; and this not only in the course of the actions of importance which we have detailed, but in consequence of innumerable skirmishes, fought in different points, which had no influence indeed upon the issue of the campaign, but increased incalculably the distress of the invaded country by extending the terrors of battle, with fire, famine, and slaughter for its accompaniments, into the most remote and sequestered districts. The woods afforded no concealment, the churches

no sanctuary; even the grave itself gave no cover to the relics of mortality. The villages were every where burnt, the farms wasted and pillaged, the abodes of man, and all that belongs to peaceful industry and domestic comfort desolated and destroyed. Wolves, and other savage animals increased fearfully in the districts which had been laid waste by human hands with ferocity congenial to their own. Thus were the evils which France had unsparingly inflicted upon Spain, Prussia, Russia, and almost every European nation, terribly retaliated within a few leagues of her own metropolis.'

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#### AGENCIES.

We have quite undesignedly neglected the department of domestic intelligence relative to the progress of our cause. We think the news of peace deserving of a much larger space than it has heretofore occupied on our pages; but our readers must not infer from our comparative silence, that little is done or attempted. We have been steadily enlarging the scale of our operations, and carrying them on with increased success during the year. Our publications have been multiplied, our agents have been constantly at work with zeal and effect; and, had we been as minute as some societies are in reporting efforts and results, we might have well nigh filled our work with such details alone.

Our President, whose zeal and energy seem to keep pace with his years, has been almost incessant in his labors. Having been licensed to preach, he has failed scarcely for a single Sabbath to plead the cause under circumstances much more favorable than in former years. He has preached and lectured on the subject from Maine to the District of Columbia; and though defeated in his purpose of a tour through the State of New York to Michigan and Ohio, his efforts have probably been quite as useful in the sphere to which he has for the present restricted himself. We rejoice that a kind Providence enables him still to prosecute his favorite work with a vigor so uncommon for his years; and earnestly do we hope, that such an example of unrequited toil and sacrifice may, long before the mantle of Elijah shall fall upon the future Elias of this cause, prompt multitudes to spontaneous and effective coöperation in one of the noblest enterprises that ever tasked the powers of men or angels.

Rev. JOHN LORD, near the close of last summer, went into Vermont, and has labored, in conjunction with the Vermont Peace Society, most of the time in that State, with a degree of success equal to our highest expectations. He has visited nearly all the principal towns, and has been well received in such places as Burlington, Middlebury, Rutland, and the capital of the State. Had we an agent of equal ability, devotedness and zeal, for each of the free States, we should expect, as the fruit of their labors, to reap ere-long a rich harvest. We hope we shall be able hereafter to give a fuller account of his progress.

Our Secretary, confined most of the time by his official duties here to a